Convright, 1918, Interactional Name Sarvier.





By NELL BRINKLEY

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the 180th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, "Father of His Country," the man whose steadfast courage and ability piloted the colonies through the Revolution to success and recognition by the powers of the world. This day is a national holiday in honor of

### To My Sweetheart SOLDIER

### Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters.

Durling:

Your wife has been out into somiety today! It couldn't exactly be called a frothy event-and I doubt if any account of it gets into the newspaper; but it was a sufficiently novel and unusual affair to bear special mention to

The church wouldn't heat, today, and so the minister's wife usked us all to go to the parsonage to complete our daily stint, and have luncheon. It didn't mean any special work or preparation for her, for we always carry our individual baskets and then mass them together in a sort of glorified "Jack Pot." So it meant simply transferring our luncheon from the church to the parsonage. The bouse was fairly swarming with children! You couldn't believe that twelve would make as many! They came in twins and triplets and lots of splitacres! The minister loves to refer to them as olive branches, but I don't see the connection. The olive branch in the days of Noah was supposed to be a sign of I should think these twelve children constituted a pretty substantial fulfillment

The minister's wife seems to futter less, and have a little more poise in her home. She feels reater assurance among her own lares and penates, than when wandering around among other people's especially if overshadowed and awed by her husband. I can't make out whether she respects her husband or fears him, or simply accepts him as one accepts a curious dispensation of providence. I know she would never lift her voice in argument or dispute against his superior fill-but sit back in drab resignason no matter what issue prevail-Maybe she is like the woman out West whose house and goods were demolished by a hurricane. When succored by a neighbor, she samounced with admirable decison, "No, I'm not sorry a mite that everything is swept away and rained. It is the first thing that ever happened that my husband couldn't blame me for!"

As we sat down to luncheon today the children were distributed needly among the adults. The minimizer with his air of detached piety held the head of the board and said an ample grace. The wife flut-tered around attending to our wants. All went well till sudden-by one of the younger olive anches for some cause not quite apparent, muttered "Gol darn it" under his breath. The reproving eyes of the parson fastened itself pen the offender, and in terms of no compromise, issued forth s stern parental rebuke. At that, the youngest olive branch, with the ace of an angel and a voice of withering sweetness, pined out "Oh! Papa, that's nothing, you should him say, 'God damn it.'"
I wish, my beloved you could have been there! I know those poor olive branches underwent a season worse than the Diet of Worms after badn't the faith and experience of Martin Luther to uphold them. I, being an ordinary vile sinner would have rewarded them all with seckies. It is seldom one meets with unabashed truth in these

I have a fire in my room tonight. The hearth opens wide arms to the fancing flames! In the flickering ight I see your face-tender ever -brooding with the sorrows of the world-but shining through all with love for me! I see your curling hair! Your broad low brow! The wind outside is cold! whistles down the chimney, and the mes leap and sing. Your face looks out upon me now-smiling gently, full of hope, full of cheer. Be brave, little wife," it says, "My little general, be brave." Yes, wed, I will be brave through fire and water and pestilence and leath I will follow you, until the waves break for us forever on the soundless shore. GOOD-NIGHT.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX Don't Be Superstitious. † DEAR MISS PAIRPAX:

Will you please tell me if it is right for two sisters to marry two brothers. Such is my case and my friend says that a marriage of this kind generally re-sults in a death. I am patiently waiting for your answer. CAMILE

days of Salom witchcraft and equally and buried. Now just use common Superstition is ignorance unreason-

hen people had no education and were hardly more than animals con-

THE World grows grayer and older; Eve votes, she is a policeman in ocean-blue, she is secretary to the great little Welshman of

England, she is as good a pilot in the air as any man, she drives

any means, but he loves to play for his own delectation."

The musicroom had a small pipe-organ at one end, and the young people sank into easy chairs as their host took his seat at it.

His son had spoken truly when he said that his father was not a professional musician, but he was one of the men who have music in their souls. As he played softly,

Gradually the strain under which

she had been since her uncle's

revelation to her lessened, and she

appreciated that one's life does not

consist only in the things which

he possesses, but in what he is

himself. Her wounded pride and resentment were soothed. She saw things in their proper proportions. And yet—it hurt her to think that

she was a dependent; that she must

readjust her ideas and plans.
The music stopped and Dora spoke

cry, Mr. Van Saun," she said. "It's

wonderful to produce such an effect as that on a silly oreature like my-

self. But your music has done it As to Cynthia, she looks happier than she has all the evening. What

makes me want to cry makes her

Cynthia amiled. the same thing, only in a different the same thing, only in a different the same thing, only in a different Cynthia emiled "Perhans we feel

ing to Mr. Van Saun, she held out

her hand. "Thank you," she said, "you have helped me."

that rich voice of yours." Edward Van Saun commented. "I do not sing—that is, not to

amount to anything," Cynthia in-

Dora declared. "And she wants to

come and read to you just as often as you will let her."

Milton hastened to explain to his

puzzled parent what Cynthia had

proposed. To the girl's relief, Ed-ward Van Saun made no violent pro-

"Are you sure you really want come?" he asked, looking at her

He could not doubt the sincerity

"That is because you understand,"

but she reads like an angel,"

You should sing, my dear with

thoughts drift.

placid.

formed him

to come

The Music Stops.

The Four of Hearts

By Virginia Terhune Vant is not a professional musician by

de Water.

CHAPTER XXI.

Copyright, 1918, Star Company.

been too busy to grow old, but now

it difficult to be uniformly cheer-

Nevertheless, he welcomed cor-

dially the young people as, led by his son, they entered his library. He looked down kindly into

He looked down kindly into Cynthia's face when he was pre-

"I am sled to know you, my dear."

he said gently, his eyes softening as he noted her mourning garb,

Milton has told me of you and I

am happy to meet Dora's cousin. I count myself a lucky man to have before me the prespect of two sweet

girls coming into my family."

Dora laughed merrily. "There's compliment for both of us, Cyn," si

exclaimed. "I never told you what

dear father Milton had, did 1? I

rea: think one reason I became engaged to Milton was because I was so foud of his father."

Edward Van Saun smiled, yet ynthia fancied that a shadow came o his eyes at the girl's jesting tatement. She wondered if this

statement. She wongered in his man was like her own father in his

deep faith in an undring love be-tween husband and wife, and if

ture daughter-in-law mentioned so lightly matters that were sacred to

If so. Edward Van Saun had ban-

ished the matter from his mind be-fore he spoke again, and he was the genial, charming host.

Come over into the musicroom

I'll play my organ for you children."
"Music is one of dad's recrea-

proposed after a while, "and

little sorry that his fu-hter-in-law mentioned so

sented to her.

DWARD VAN SAUN, Milton's

father, was an elderly man

with a young heart. He had

"Ladies First!"

a surface car, and the dragon-subway through his dark labyrinth, she drives a huge grey camion in France and yet she always will be Evea "lady first!" She will always hold down two little positions in ad-

By Arthur B. Reeve

P in his room, with the door locked and the windows telephone ring. With fear, even then, he answered. Could it be another message from the Hidden

nia. "Why haven't you come here with the will?" Harassed, he scarcely knew what

to answer, although even this was some relief. "Let me explain," he hastened. 'T've been threatened"-

The sentence was never finished. A sinister yellow face had already appeared at the barred window and a moment later a poisoned dart sped straight to its mark in the back of

Abner's neck. In paln and terror he cried out as he dropped the re-

ceiver, clutching at his neck.

Sonia heard, but did not understand. Abner reeled and fell forward across the table-dead!

and glory in it!-NELL BRINKLEY.

dition to all the others that she is adding on to her little self. She

will always be Dan's side partner, and continue to set herself on fire at the bright flame of love! She will, too, always wear her mother-halo

A Film Success Starring Doris Kenyon

regarding the amoking ruins.

one other chance—the will-"

tered the Whitney House.

got back here before us."

the table-motionless dead!

hand. It fell, lifeless.

dart still stuck.

ing each other, ran out and stood

den Hand has escaped," cried Ram-

say, as he fumbled in his pocket and

draw out the precious diagram taken

from the degosit box, "but we have

"Then let us hurry," exclaimed

Doris in excitement. "We must get

Hand and Verds open the packet."

and read it before the Hidden

Perhaps an hour later the party,

"If the Hidden Hand is Uncle Ab-

ner," exclaimed Ramsay, leading the

way upstairs, "he can scarcely have

A moment later they forced the

door to Abner's barred room, and as

they entered, Doris screamed, There

was Abger, lying face down across

Ramsey bent over and lifted his

"Look!" cried Doris, pointing to a

red blotch behind his ear where the

Ramsay exchanged a quick glance

with her.
"Then the man who seeks my

life," she cried with conviction, "must be Dr. Scarley."

headed by Doris and Ramsay, en-

"The den is a wreck and the Hid-

Then the East Indian chuckled fiendishly and dropped back to the ground, making off swiftly. Meanwhile, along the Trocaders,

was dashing the automobile with Doris, Ramsay, the Chief, and the Secret Service man. They pulled up some distance from the den, just as the East Indian ran up and rapped at the door. Seeing him, they climbed out and silently stole up with revolvers drawn.

As the priest-emissary opened the panel and then the door, the raiders, seaded by Rameay and Doris, dashed forward, but the door was slammed in their faces. Instantly the Chief fired at the face of the priest-emissary in the still open panel, and he fell dead, while the Bast Indian emissary fled down the passageway, shouting.

Ramsay did not hesitate. He reached in through the shattered glass of the open panel felt around and slipped the bolt below. The door flew open, and all piled in.

"Quick!" shouted the emissary wildly as the Hidden Hand in his den, hearing the rumaus, ran forward to investigate. They are

here!" In a wild scramble the master criminal and his minions fled by a dark passage downward, just as Ramsay, Doris and the rest charged through the halfs, with revolvers drawn. They swarmed about the place, seeking the Hidden Hand, as Ramsay, spying the passage, poked his way down it.

In the cellar the Hidden Hand ran straight to a corner where were casks and cans of gunpowder and a fuse. He lighted the fuse, then turned and fled, just at the moment that Ramsay came pursuing to the head of the stens.

Ramsay saw the sputtering fues. There was no time to put it out. He darted back, shouting,

"Hurry-get out-to the streetthe place will be blown up," he cried as he ran into the den, seizing Doris, who was hunting for the precious packet. Hastily they retreated down the

arched passageway, not a moment too soon, for in another instant, even before they could reach the street, there was a terrific explosion, which almost stunned them. They recovered quickly and, bely-

FOR SPRING Some That Can Be Easily Made by the

HOUSE GOWNS

By Rita Stuyvesant.

Amateur

E very woman should realise around the house and should not be satisfied to wear "any old thing" while working. The average woman who does her own housework should be prepared to answer the door bell at unexpected hours and should not be paniestricken at the prospect of visitors, even M they come on commercial business. But this does not necessarily mean that one must be "dressed up" so that she cannot do her work comfortably, but she can be dressed neatly and practically at the same

With Spring housecleaning comes a desire to replenish one's wardrobe, and fresh house dresses should not be overlooked. Especially at this season, when dress materials are being offered in such lovely selections and at such reasonable prices, the thrifty woman will not miss the opportunity of the Spring

For house dresses one does not necessarily have to choose the wellknown gingham or percale, for a number of other fabrics are being offered for this purpose. Soft French crops, in pastel shades, is delightful; and challis is steadily gaining in popularity. Ginghams and plain chambrays are always good for house dresses. The woman who does not wear corsets while working will be interested in a smart Russian blouse model well suited for nouse wear, made of navy blue creps, with natural tam ponges trimming. in a lovely model.

The blouse is a simple, loose affair, reaching well below the hips. but not too long; buttoned down the front, which makes it easy to slip on. A collar, cuffs and a loose girdle are fashioned of ponges. Elbow sleaves are found more convenient for working than fulllength ones.

The skirt of this dress is a twopiece model, made onk deep belting. Two straight pieces are used and shirred at the waistline. Some women find a casting run through with broad elastic very comfortable ind prefer it to a stationary walst

belt.

Another house dress that may be completed in a few hours is ew in one piece, chemise style. It is also adapted to the cornetiess figure. Tobacco brewn crepe or bottle green is nice for a frock like this. The front is buttoned from neck to hem and may be put on in a hurry. Deep patch pockets on the hips are useful as well as ornamental and hold change, hand-kerchiefs, etc. A lodge leather bets kerchiefs, etc. A lodge leather belt may be worn with this loose dress and a collar of self material may be brightened by a bit of weal

embroidery. Those who prefer the gingh of house dress will do well to copy the "conservation apron," so popular during the canning season last year. It is fashioned of old blue che with detachable collar and cuffs of white pique. It is made in one piece featuring a panel down the front, with an extension belt on either side at the waistline. This belt is brought around and buttoned in the back, gently holding the fullness in place Uncle Sam issues these patterns for

An adorable house dress for a bride may be made of flowered challis showing dainty pink roses. It is an extremely simple model, being a one-piece affair with an Emples waistiine. The round neck is outlined with a frill of lace as well as the short sleeve. The fullness is held in at the high waist by black velvet ribbon run through beading A big gingham apron is worn or this dainty dress while working.

Dressed in these next house dresses, the housewife who does har own work will be entirely present-able to unexpected callers, as well as dreamd under a long coat to do her morning marketing.

### To Be Continued To-morrow. All Star Recipes

#### REPRINTED FROM GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE.

Graham Rve Bread

6677 Total Calories 719 Protein Calories

One quart bolling water, I quart graham flour, 1 quart rye flour, 1 quart white bread flour, 1 yeast cake. ¼ cupful lukewarm water, 1 tablespoonful salt, 3 tablespoonfuls molasses, 8 tablespoonfuls any vege-table oil. 1 cupful butternut or table oil, 1 cupful black walnut mests.

Place the salt, melasses and off in the mixing bowl or bread mixer. Pour over them the water. Cool until uukewarm and add the yeast cake softened in the lukewarm water. Then stir in the flour. Mix theroughly if using a mixer, other-wise kneed for a few moments. Let rise, covered, overnight. In the morning kneed in the nut meats and chape into leaves. Let rise again and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Tomato Cakes

1799 Total Calories 256 Protein Calories Four eggs, 2 cupfuls canned tois about 2 quafuls arackes commune,

quarter temspoonful pepper, 2 tem-Best eggs light, add tomatoes and shortening melted, pepper and sait. Stir in cracker crumbs to make it stiff enough to drop by the tablespoonful on a hot griddle. Brown on both sides and serve at ones.

Pineapple Pudding.

5 Protein Calories One-third cupful sugar, 2 cup-

fuls hot water, 5 slices canned pineapple, 24 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, % cupful cold water, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Cook hot water and sugar together; when boiling stir in the cornstarch mixed with the cold water. Turn into a double boller and cook for at least one-must non-

858 Total Calories

Remove from fire, partially coo'. and add vanils, and pineapple cut in small places. Serve very cold, perferably with cream. If any pineapple juice is at hand, use it with sufficient water to make the two cupfuls

# Advice to the Lovelorn

VOUR question sounds like a relie of the dark ages. And I thought the tragic, blind superstition were dead sense. How under the sun could the fact that Ann and Mary, sisters. narried John and William, brothses, esups death to any of the four?

as cause and effect. If when John marries Mary, Williams runs after the wedding carriage to shower it with rice and he climbs around in heavy snow with pumps on and gets wet feet to which he does not attend, he may get pneumonia and die-that comes from his own rashness with his health and doesn't bear any relationship to the fact that his wife and the bride are sisters and he and the greom are brothers. There are reasons for everything in this world, my dear. able. Don't let this relic of an age

of her reply.
"I want very much to come if you will let me," she assured him simply. "You will be doing me a simply. "You will be doing me as great favor if you will agree to my little plan." A Pleasing Arrangement. "I think it may help us both," he handsome prince. said gratefully. "I know it will

brighten many a day for me."

Before the young people went
home it had been arranged that Cynthia was to read aloud to Mil Van Saun's father for a couple "I hope I am not imposing upon you" he said in a low voice as he hade the girl good night. "I am trusting you so implicitly that I accept your offer gratefully, but not whiskers.

the least. Oh, my no. He had seen so many strange things in Fairy Land that nothing surprised him any more, except, maybe, a mouse with two heads or a cat without

Then the three started off for he castle and after they had gone for a short distance they came to

## The Hidden Hand

Creater of the "Craig, Kennedy" mystery stories, which supear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 14.

Copyright, 1917, by Star Company,

"Is that you, Abner?" asked So-

"I had not thought of it," Cyn-Then they continued on their way

### in a silence as complete as that maintained by the betrothed pair burrying along in front of them. (To Be Continued.)

# Puss in Boots Jr.

A Serial of Youth,

Romance and Love she rejoined. "And you are doing

me a favor in understanding."
"Isn't he a dear?" Dora said as
the quartette started homeward. "I
knew you would like him, Cyn."
"So did I. And I knew he would."

The engaged couple walked to

gether new. Perhaps Dora thought it would appear better to the eyes of her future father-in-law if she left his house with Milton. She did

left his house with Milton. She did not suggest a change of partners

"I am too cold to stroll home," she called back to Cynthia and Gerald. "Hurry up!"

very silent. When Gerald spoke it

rapid walker, "And very graceful," Cynthia

eyes on the slender figure shead of him. "You and she are about the same height—did you know that?"

"Yes, she is," Gerald agreed, his

commented.

The others did hurry. They were

remark that Dora was a

Now as soon as the boat landed on the beach, as I rold the last story, Puss helped the lovely princess to alight, and then, just as they were starting off for the castle, they heard a voice saying, Oh, beautiful princess, will you not give me the little blue flower that grows at your feet?"

"Who asks me this favor?" said the princess, looking around to see who had spoken. And then the fish who had swum at the bow of the boat lifted his

head out of the water and said, "L

your beautiful highness." So the lovely princess stooped and plucked the little blue flower and then she ran down to the water's edge and gave it to him. And as soon as he took it in his mouth he swam up to the shore and then, wenderful to tell, he turned into a

And, goodness me, wasn't the princess surprised! Well, I just guess she was. But Puss wasn't in

cross road, so Puss said good-by and went on his way, although the levely princess begged him to come

with her to her father's castle. Well, after he had gone for maybe a mile or more he saw a boy by a brook playing on a flute. And as Puss draw nearer he saw the boy's feet were those of a goat. But the music was so sweet that Puss forgot this and sat down nearby to listen.

"I am Pan, the musical shepherd boy." said the lad, and then he commenced again to play, and pretty soon a band of pretty maidens gathered around to dance. "We are the Dryads of the wood," they said to Puss, for, of course, they knew he was pussled, and that

he was a stranger. And then they began to sing: "Round and round the laurel bush

We dance and sing to-day. We can't keep still by the aparkling rill When Pan begins to play.

For he sings of Spring and each levely thing That blossoms each year answ So around we go in a whirling row. Under the sky of blue."

And in the next story you shall car what happened after this. Copyright 1918, by David Corp. To Be Continued